



Dea. — Del.

MIDAS

Act 2 Scene 4

Pub Aug. 1787 by G. G. G.



Dea. — Del.

MIDAS

Act 2 Scene 4

Pub Aug. 1787 by G. G. G.

M I D A S ;

AN

ENGLISH BURLETTA.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. LISTER, No. 46, Old Bayley ; and sold by all Book-
News carriers, &c. in Great Britain and Ireland,

M,DCCLXXXVII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER,

APOLLO,

JUNO,

PAN.

MORTALS.

MIDAS,

MYSIS,

DAMÆTAS,

DAPHNE,

SILENO,

NYSA.

SCENE, first on Mount Olympus, afterwards on the Pastures of Lydia.

M I D A S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The curtain rising discovers the Heathen Deities, amidst the clouds, in full chorus: they address Jupiter in Chorus, accompanied by all the instruments.

Chorus of all the Gods.

JOVE in his chair,
Of the sky Lord May'r,
With his nods
Men and Gods
Keepe in awe;
When he winks,
Heaven shrinks;
When he speaks,
Hell squeaks;
Earth's globe is but his taw,
Cock of the school,
He bears despotic rule,
His word,
Tho' absurd,
Must be law.
Even Fate,
Tho' so great,
Must not prate,
His bald pate
Jove would cuff,
He's so bluff,
For a stray,
Cou'd deities,
Like mice in cheese,
To stir must cease,
Or gnaw.

Jup. *[Rising.]* Immortals, you have heard your
plaintive sov'reign, [vern.]
Add gulperit Sol's high crimes: Shall we who go-

Brook spite upon us? Shall Apollo trample
On our commands? We'll make him an example.
As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
We'll make you, to your cost, know—we're your
emperor.

Jun. I'll take the law. *[To Jup.]* My proctor,
with a summons

Shall cite you, Sir, t'appear at Doctors Commons.

Jup. Let him—but first I'll chase from Heaven
you varlet.

Juno. What, for detesting you and your vile
harlot!

Think not, lewd Jove,
Thus to wrong my chaste love;
For, spite of your rakehellly godhead,
By day and by night,
Juno will have her right,
Nor be, of dues nuptial, defrauded.

I'll ferret the haunts
Of your female gallants;
In vain you in darkness inclose them;
Your favourite jades,
I'll plunge to the shades,
Or into cows metamorphose them.

Jup. Peace termagent—I swear by Styx, our
thunder
Shall hurl him to the earth—Nay, never wonder,
I've sworn it, gods.

Apollo. Hold, hold, have patience,
Papa—No bowels for your own relations!

Be by your friends advised,
Too harsh, too hasty dead!
Mangre your bolts, and wise head,
The world will think you mad.

What worse can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring buxks, when drunk,
Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,
And stagger to some punk?

Jup. You saucy scoundrel—there, Sir—Come,
Disorder,
Down Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no farther.
Roll, thunders, roll; blue lightnings flash about
him,
The blab shall find our sky can do without him.

*Thunder and lightning. Jupiter darts a bolt at him,
he falls—Jupiter re-assumes his throne, and the
Gods all ascend together, singing the chorus:*

Jove in his chair, &c.

SCENE II.

*A campaign country with a distant village; violent
storm of thunder and lightning. A shepherd sleep-
ing in the field is roused by it, and runs away
frighted, leaving his cloak, hat, and guittar, be-
hind him. Apollo (as cast from heaven) falls
to the earth, and lies for a while stunn'd: at
length he rises, advances, and, looking forward,
speaks. After which, enters to him Sileno.*

Apol. Zooks! what a crush! a pretty decent
tumble!

Kind usage, Mr. Jove—Sweet Sir, your humble.
Well, down I am—no bones broke—tho' fore pep-
per'd!

Here doom'd to stay—What can I do?—turn
shepherd. [*Puts on the black, &c.*]

A lucky thought—In this disguise, Apollo
No more, but Pol the swain, some flock I'll follow.
Nor doubt I, with my voice, guittar, and person,
Among the nymphs to kick up some diversion.

Sile. Whom have we here! a lightly clown!—
and sturdy—

Hum—plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy.
Seems out of place—a stranger—all in tatters—
I'll hire him—he'll divert my wife and daughters.
—Whence, and what art thou, boy?

Pol. An orphan lad, Sir!

Pol is my name—a shepherd once my dad, Sir;
I th' upper parts here—tho' not born to serving,
I'll now take on, for faith I'm almost starving.

Sile. You've drawn a prize i th' lottery—So
have I too;

Why—I'm the master you could best apply to.
Since you mean to hire for service,
Come with me, you jolly dog;
You can help to bring home harvest,
Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.

Fa, la, la.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
You shall daintily be fed;
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
Butter-milk, and oaten bread.

Fa, la, la.

Come strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home;
And when daily labour's over,
We'll all dance to your hum strum.

Fa, la, la.

Pol. I strike hands, I take your offer,
Farther on I may fare worse;
Zooks, I can no longer suffer,
Hungry guts, and empty purse.

Fa, la, la.

Sil. Do strike hands; 'tis kind I offer;

Pol. I strike hands, and take your offer;

Sil. Farther seeking you'll fare worse;

Pol. Farther on I may fare worse.

Sil. Pity such a lad should suffer,

Pol. Zooks, I can no longer suffer;

Sil. Hungry guts, and empty purse.

Pol. Hungry guts, and empty purse. Fa, la, la.

[*Exeunt, dancing and singing.*]

SCENE III. Sileno's Farm House.

Enter Daphne and Nyfa, Myfis following behind.

Daph. But Nyfa, how goes on squire Midas' courtship?

Nyfa. Your sweet Damætas, pimp to his great
worship,

Brought me from him a purse;—but the condi-
tions—

I've cur'd him, I believe, of such commissions.

Daph. The moon-calf! This must blast him
with my father.

Nyfa. Right. So we are rid of the two frights
together.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!—Ha! ha! ha!

Myf. Hey day! what mare's nest's found?—

For ever grinning:

Ye rantipoles,—is't thus ye mind your spinning?

Girls are known

To mischief prone,

If ever they be idle.

Who would rear

Two daughters fair,

Must hold a steady bridle:

For here they skip,

And here they trip,

And this and that way fiddle.

Giddy maids,

Poor silly jades,

All after men are gadding;

They flirt pell-mell,

Their train to swell,

To coxcomb, coxcomb adding:

To ev'ry fop

They're cock-a-hoop,

And set their mothers madding.

SCENE IV.

Enter Sileno introducing Pol.

Sil. Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear
you grumble

At too hard toil—I chanc'd, just now, to stumble

On this stout drudge, and hir'd him, fit for labour.

To'm, lad—then he can play, and sing, and caper.

Myf. Fine rubbish to bring home—a strolling
thrummer! [ragged mummer?

[To Pol] What art thou good for? Speak, thou

Nys. Mother, for shame——

Myf. Peace, faucebox, or I'll maul you.

Pol. Goody, my strength and parts you under-
value

For his and your work, I'm brisk and handy.

Daph. A sad cheat else——

Myf. What you, you jack-a-dandy?

Pol. Pray, goody, please to moderate the ran-
cour of your tongue:

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?

Remember when the judgement's weak, the pre-
judice is strong.

A stranger why will you despise?

Ply me,

Try me,

Prove, ere you deny me:

If you cast me

Off, you blast me

Never more to rise.

Myf. Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing.

Nys. With what sweet temper he bears all her
snubbing! [*Aside.*]

Sil. Oons, no more words——Go, boy, and
get your dinner.

SCENE V.

Myf. Sileno, Nysa, Daphne.

Sil. Fye, why so cross-grain'd to a young beginner?

Nys. So modest!

Daph. So genteel!

Sil. [To *Myf.*] Not pert, nor lumpish.

Myf. Would he were hang'd!

Nys. and *Daph.* La, mother! why so frumpish?

Nys. Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd

To the gentle, handsome swain?

Daph. To a lad, so limb'd, so featur'd;

Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.

Sure 'tis cruel, &c.

Myf. Girls, for you my fears perplex me,

I'm alarm'd on your account:

Sil. Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me,

I will rule, depend upon't.

Nys. Ah! ah!

Daph. Mama!

Nys. { Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd,

Daph. { Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd and featur'd?

Nys. { To the gentle, handsome swain;

Daph. { Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;

Nys. { Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,

Daph. { To the gentle, handsome swain.

Myf. Girls, for you my fears perplex me;

I'm alarm'd on your account.

Sil. Wife, in vain you teize and vex me;

I will rule, depend upon't.

Nys. { Mama!

Myf. { Psha! Psha!

Daph. { Papa, —

Sil. { Ah! Ah!

Daph. { Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd.

Sil. { Psha, pha, you must not be so ill-natur'd;

Nys. { Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd, so featur'd?

B

Daph.

Daph. { To the gentle, handsome swain;
Sil. { He's a gentle, handsome swain.
Nysf. { Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.
Myf. { 'Tis my pleasure to give pain.
Daph. { Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.
Sil. { He's a gentle, handsome swain.
Nysf. { To the gentle, handsome swain.
Myf. { To your odious, fav'rite swain.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Midas and Damætas.

Mid. Nysa, you say, refus'd the guineas British.

Dam. Ah! p'ease your worship—she is wondrous skittish.

Mid. I'll have her, cost what 'twill. Odsbobs
 —I'll force her —

Dam. The halter —

Mid. As for madam, I'll divorce her —

Some favour'd lout incog our blifs opposes.

Dam. Aye, Pol, the hind, puts out of joint our noses.

Mid. I've heard of that Pol's tricks—of his fly tampering

To sling poor Pan, but I'll soon send him scamp'ring.
 'Sblood I'll commit him—drive him to the gallows!
 Where is old Pan?

Dam. Tipling, Sir, at the ale-house.

Mid. Run, fetch him—we shall hit on some expedient

To rout this Pol.

Dam. I fly. [*Going, returns.*] Sir, your obedient.
 [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

What boots my being 'Squire,

Justice of Peace, and Quorum;

Churchwarden, Knight o'th' Shire,

And Custos Rotulorum;

If saucy little Nysa's heart rebellious,

My 'squireship slights, and bankers after fellows?

Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,

Dare my amours to cross?

Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas woes,

Her nose up at him toss?

No: I'll kidnap—then possess her:

I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange;

So glut to the height of pleasure,

My love and my revenge.

No: I'll kipnap, &c.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Pan is discover'd sitting at a table, with a tankard, pipes and tobacco, before him; his bagpipes lying by him.

Jupiter wenches and drinks,

He rules the roast in the sky;

Yet he's a fool if he thinks,

That he's as happy as I:

Juno rates him,

And grates him,

And leads his highness a weary life;

I have my las,

And my g'ass,

And stroll a batchelor's merry life.

Let him fluster,

And bluster,

Yet cringe to his harridan's furbelow;

To my fair tulips,

I glew lips,

And clink the cannikin here below.

S C E N E IX.

Damætas, Pan.

Dam. There sits the old soaker—his pate
 troubling little

How the world wags, so he gets drink and vittle—

Hoa, master Pan—Gad, you've trod on a thistle!

You may pack up your all, Sir, and go whistle.

The wenches have turn'd tail—to yon buck-ranter:

Tickled by his guitar—they scorn your chanter.

All round the maypole how they trot,

Hot,

Pot,

And good ale have got;

Routing,

Shouting,

At you flouting,

Fleering,

Jeering,

And what not.

There is old Sileno frisks like a mad

Lad,

Glad

To see us sad;

Cap'ring,

Vap'ring;

While Pol, seraping,

Coaxes

Coaxes
The lasses
As he did the dad.

S C E N E X.

Myfis, Pan.

Myf. O Pan! the devil to pay—both my fluts
frantic!

Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antic.
But I'll go seek 'em all—and if I find 'em,
I'll drive 'em, as if Old Nick were behind 'em.

[*Going.*

Pan. Soa, soa—don't flounce—

Avast—disguise your fury.

Pol we shall trounce;

Midas is judge and jury.

Myf. Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,
To see my purposes thus counteracted!
This way or that way, or which way soever,
All things run contrary to my endeavour.

Daughters projecting

Their ruin and shame,

Fathers neglecting

The care of their fame;

Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;

Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XI.

*A wood and lawn near Sileno's farm—flocks graz-
ing at a distance—a tender, slow symphony
Daphne crosses melancholic and silent; Nyfa
watching her. [Then Daphne returns running.*

Nyf. O, ho! is it so—Miss Daphne in the dumps?

Mum. Snug's the word—I'll lead her such a dance

Shall mak her stir her stumps.

To all her secret haunts,

Like her shadow, I'll follow and watch her—

And, faith, mama shall hear on't, if I catch her.

[*Retires.*

Daph. La, how my heart goes pit-a-pat! what
thumping

E'er since my father brought us home this
bumpkin.

He's as tight a lad to see to

As e'er slept in leather shoe;

And, what's better, he'll love me too,

And to him I'll prove true blue.

Tho' my sister casts a hawk's eye,

I defy what she can do;

He o'erlook'd the little doxy;

I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither I stole out to meet him;

He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue:

If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;

If he's false, I'll fit him too.

S C E N E XII.

Daphne, Pol.

Pol. Think o' the devil—'tis said

He's at your shoulder—

This wench was running in my head,

And pop—behold her.

Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish;

At your feet a tender swain

Prays you will not let him languish;

One kind look would ease his pain.

Did you know the lad who courts you,

He not 'long needs sue in vain;

Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you

Scarce will meet his like again.

Daph. Sir, you're such an oglio,

Of perfection in folio,

No damsel can resist you:

Your face so attractive,

Limbs so supple and active,

That by this light,

At the first sight,

I could have run and kiss'd you.

If you can caper as well as you modulate,

With the addition of that pretty face,

Pan, who was held by our shepherds a god o'late,

Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.

His beard so frowzy, his gestures so awkward are,

And his bagpipe has so drowsy a drone,

That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,

You may count on all the girls as your own.

Myf. [*From within.*] Pol, Pol, make haste, come
hither.

Pol. Death, what a time to call!

Oh! rot your old lungs of leather,

B'ye Daph.

Daph. B'ye Pol.

S C E N E XIII.

Nyfa and Daphne.

Nys. Marry come up, forsooth;
Is't me, you forward vixen,
You chuse to play your tricks on?
And could your liquorish tooth
Find none but my sweetheart to fix on?

Daph. Marry come up again—
Indeed, my dirty cousin!
Have you a right to every swain?

Nys. Ay, tho' a dozen.

Daph. My minikin miss, do you fancy that Pol
Can ever be caught by an infant's del?

Nys. Can you, Miss Maypole, suppose he will fall
In love with the giants of Guildhall?

Daph. Pigmy elf,

Nys. Colossus itself,

Both. You will lie till you're mouldy upon the shelf.

Daph. You slump o'the gutter, you hop o'my
thumb,

A husband for you must from Lilliput come.

Nys. You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,
Your husband must come from Brogdignag

Daph. Sour grapes,

Nys. Lead apes,

Both. I'll humble your vanity, mistress Trapes.

Daph. Miss, your assurance,

Nys. And, miss, your high airs,

Daph. Is past all endurance,

Nys. Are at their last pray'rs.

Daph. No more of those freedoms, Miss Nyfa, I beg.

Nys. Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a peg.

Daph. Poor spite!

Nys. Pride hurt!

Daph. Liver white!

Nys. Rare sport!

Daph. Do shew your teeth, spitfire, do, but you
can't bite,

Nys. This haughtiness soon will belaid in the dirt.
Poor spite, &c.
Pride hurt, &c.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Nyfa, followed by Midas.

Mid. **T**URN, tygres, turn; nay, fly not—
I have thee at a why not.

How comes it, little Nyfy,
That heart to me so icy
Should be to Pol like tinder,
Burnt up t' a very cinder?

Nys. Sir, to my virtue ever steady,
Firm as a rock,
I scorn your shock;
But why this attack?
A miss can you lack,
Who have a wife already?

Mid. Ay, there's the curse—but she is old and
sickly;
And would my Nyfa grant the favour quickly—
Would she yield now—I swear by the Lord Harry,
The moment madam's coffin'd—Her I'll marry.

O what pleasure will abound,
When my wife is laid in ground!

Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her,

When my wife is laid in ground.

Oh how happy should I be,

Would little Nyfa pig with me!

How I'd mumble her,

Touze and tumble her,

Would little Nyfa pig with me.

Nys. Young birds alone are caught with chaff,
At your base scheme I laugh.

Mid. Yet take my vows—

Nys. I would not take your bond, Sir—

Mid. Half my estate—

Nys. No, nor the whole—my fond Sir.

Ne'er will I be left i' the lurch;

Cease your bribes and wheedling:

Till I'm made a bride i' the church,

I'll keep man from meddling.

What are riches

And soft speeches?

Baits and fetches

To bewitch us;

When you've won us,

And undone us,

Cloy'd you shun us,

Frowning on us,

For our heedless piddling.

[Exit.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Midas, then Pan, and Pol listening.

Mid. Well, master Pol I'll tickle,
For him, at least, I have a rod in pickle:
When he's in limbo,
Not thus our hoity-toity miss
Will stick her arms a kimbo.

Pan. So, 'squire, well met—I flew to know your
business.

Mid. Why, Pan, this Pol we must bring down on
his knees.

Pan. That were a feat indeed;—a feat to brag on.

Mid. Let's home—we'll there concert it o'er a
flagon.

I'll make him ship——

Pan. As St. George did the dragon.

If into your hen yard
The treacherous reynard
Steals sily, your poultry to ravage,
With gun you attack him,
With beagles you track him,
All's fair to destroy the fell savage.
So Pol, who comes picking
Up my tender chicken,
No means do I scruple to banish;
With pow'r I'll o'erbear him,
With fraud I'll ensnare him,
By hook or by crook he shall vanish. [Ex.

S C E N E III.

Enter Nyfa.

Nyfa. Good lack! what is come o'er me?

Daphne has stepp'd before me!

Envy and love devour me.

Pol doats upon her phiz hard;

'Tis that sticks in my gizzard.

Midas appears now twenty times more hideous.

Ah, Nyfa, what resource?—a cloyster.

Death alive—yet thither must I run,

And turn a nun.

Prodigious!

In these greasy old tatters
His charms brighter shine;
Then his guittar he clatters
With tinkling divine:

But, my sister,

Ah! he kifs'd her,

And me he pass'd by;

I'm jealous

Of the fellow's

Bad taste and blind eye.

S C E N E IV.

*Midas, Myfis, and Pan, in consultation over a bowl
of punch, pipes and tobacco.*

Mid. Come, Pan, your toast——

Pan. Here goes—our noble Umpire.

Myf. And Pol's defeat—I'll pledge it in a bumper.

Mid. Hang him; in every scheme that whelp has
cross'd us.

Myf. Sure he's the Devil himself;

Pan. Or Doctor Faustus.

Myf. Ah! 'Squire—for Pan would you but
stoutly stickle,

This Pol would soon be in a wretched pickle.

Pan. You reason right——

Mid. His toby I shall tickle.

Myf. Look, 'Squire, I've sold my butter—here it's
price is

At your command, do but this job for Myfis.

Count 'em—six guineas and an old Jacobus,

Keep Pan, and shame that scape-grace *coram nobis*.

Mid. Goody, as 'tis your request,

I pocket this here stuff;

And as for that there peasant,

Trust me I'll work his buff.

At the musical struggle

I'll bully and juggle;

My award's

Your sure card——

Blood, he shall fly his country—that's enough.

Pan. Well said, my lord of wax.

Mid. Let's end th' tankard;

I have no head for business till I've drank hard.

Pan. Nor have my guts brains in them till
they're addle;

When I'm most rocky, I best sit my saddle;

Mid. Well, come, let's take one bouze, and roar
a catch,

Then part to our affairs.

Pan. A match.

Myf. A match.

Mid.

Mid. Master Pol,
And his toll-de-roll-loll,
I'll buffet away from the plain, Sir.

Pan. And I'll assist
Your worship's fist
With all my might and main, Sir;
Myf. And I'll have a thump,
Though he is so plump,
And make such a wounded racket.

Mid. I'll bluff,

Pan. I'll rough,

Myf. I'll huff,

Mid. I'll cuff,

Omn. And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

Mid. For all his cheats,
And wenching feats,
He shall rue on his knees 'em;
Or skip, by goles,
As high as Paul's,
Like ugly witch on besom;
Arraign'd he shall be,
Of treason to me!

Pan. And I with my davy will back it;
I'll swear,

Mid. I'll snare,

Myf. I'll tear.

Omn. O rare!

And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

SCENE V.

Enter Sileno and Damaxtas, in warm argument.

Sil. My Daph a wife for thee! the 'squire's base
pandar!

To the plantations sooner would I send her.

Dam. Sir, your good wife approv'd my offers.

Sil. Name her not, Hag of Endor;

What knew she of thee but thy coffers?

Dam. And shall this ditch-born whelp, this jack-
By dint of congees and of scrapes—— [anapes,

Sil. These are thy slanders and that canker'd hag's.

Dam. A thing made up of pilfer'd rags——

Sil. Richer than thou with all thy brags
Of flocks, and herds, and money bags.

If a rival thy character draw,
In perfection he'll find out a flaw;

With black he will paint,

Make a de'il of a saint,

And change to an owl a maccaw.

Dam. Can a father pretend to be wise,
Who his friend's good advice will despise?

Who, when danger is nigh,

Throws his spectacles by,

And blinks through a green girl's eyes?

Sil. You're an impudent pimp and a grub.

Dam. You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub;
Your betters you snub.

Sil. Who will lend me a club,
This insolent puppy to drub?

You're an impudent pimp and a grub,

Dam. You're cajol'd by a beggarly scrub,

Sil. Who will rot in a powdering tub.

Dam. Whom the prince of impostors I dub;

Sil. A guinea for a club,

Dam. Your bald pate you'll rub,

Sil. This muckworm to drub.

Dam. When you find that your cub

Sil. Rub off, firrah, rub, firrah, rub.

Dam. Is debauch'd by a whip'd syllabub. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Enter Myfis, attended by Daphne and Nyfa.

Myf. Soh!—you attend the trial—we shall drive
Your vagabond—— [hence

Sil. I smoke your foul contrivance.

Daph. Ah, Ny, our fate depends upon this issue—

Nyf. Daph—for your sake, my claim I here forego;
And with your Pol much joy I wish you.

Daph. O, gemini, say'st thou me to?

Dear creature, let me kiss you.

Nyf. Let's kneel, and beg his stay; papa will back

Daph. Mama will storm. [us,

Nyf. What then, she can but whack us.

Daph. Mother, sure you never

Will endeavour

To disserve

From my favour

So sweet a swain!

None so clever

E'er trod the plain.

Nyf. Father, hopes you gave her,

Don't deceive her;

Can you leave her

Sunk for ever

In pining care?

Haste and save her

From black despair.

Daph.

Daph. Think of his modest grace,
His voice, shape, and face;
Nys. Hearts alarming,
Daph. Bosoms warming,
Nys. Wrath disarming,
Daph. With his soft lay:
Nys. He's so charming,
Ay, let him stay,
Both. He's so charming, &c.
Nys. Sluts, are you lost to shame?
Sil. Wife, wife, be more tame.
Nys. This is madness!
Sil. Sober sadness!
Nys. I with gladness
Cou'd see him swing,
For his badness.
Sil. 'Tis no such thing.
Dam. Must Pan resign, to this fop, his employment?
Must I, to him, yield of *Daph* the enjoyment?
Nys. Ne'er while a tongue I brandish,
Fop outlandish,
Daph shall blandish.
Dam. Will you reject my income,
Herds and clinkum?
Sil. Rot and sink 'em.
Dam. Midas must judge.
Nys. And Pol must fly.
Sil. Zounds, Pol shan't budge.
Nys. You lye;
Dam. You lye:
Nys. Dam. and Sil. You lye, you lye.
Nys. Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and black mountains;
Daph. Pol's lyre suits best our cool grots and clear fountains.
Nys. Pol is young and merry;
Daph. Light and airy,
Sil. As a fairy.
Nys. Pan is cold and musty,
Daph. Stiff and fusty,
Sil. Sour and crusty.
Daph. Can you banish Pol?
Nys. No, no, no, no.
Let Pan fall.
Daph. Ay, let him go.
Nys. Daph. and Sil. Ay, let him go.

SCENE VII.

Midas comes forth enrag'd, attended by a Crowd of Nymphs and Swains.

Mid. Peace, ho! Is hell broke loose? What means this jawing?

Under my very nose this clapperclawing!

What the devil's here to do,

Ye loggerheads and gypsies?

Sirrah you, and hussey you,

And each of you tipsey is:

But I'll as sure pull down your pride as

A gun, or as I'm Justice Midas.

Chorus. O tremendous Justice Midas;

Who shall oppose wise Justice Midas?

Mid. I'm given to understand that you're all in a pother here,

Disputing whether Pan or Pol shall play to you another year.

Dare you think your clumsy lugs so proper to decide, as

The delicate ears of Justice Midas?

Chorus. O tremendous, &c.

Mid. Soh, you allow it then—Ye mobbish rabble!

SCENE VIII.

Enter Pol and Pan severally.

Oh, here comes Pol and Pan—now stint your gabble.

Fetch my great chair—I'll quickly end this squabble.

Now I'm seated,

I'll be treated

Like the fop on his throne;

In my presence,

Scoundrel peasants,

Shall not call their souls their own.

My behest is,

He who best is,

Shall be fix'd musician chief:

Ne'er the loser

Shall shew nose here,

But be transported like a thief.

Chorus. O tremendous, &c.

Dam. Masters, will you abide by this condition?

Pan. I ask no better.

Pol. ——— I am all submission.

Pan. Strike up, sweet Sir.

Pol. ——— Sir, I attend your leisure.

Mid.

Mid. Pan, take the lead.

Pan. ——— Since 'tis your worship's pleasure.

A pox of your pother about this or that;

Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat:

I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're flat, master Pol;

So here goes a set to at toll-de-roll-loll.

When beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,

And after Miss Will o' the Whisp the fools scamper;

Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol:

Pray what's all this fuss for, but—toll-de-roll-loll.

Mankind are a medley—a chance medley race;

All start in full cry, to give Dame Fortune chase:

There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all;

And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll-loll.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long;

I only meant life is but an old song:

The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll;

Where all act the scene of toll-de-roll-loll.

Mid. By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age;

How, hang dog, don't you blush to shew your visage?

Pol. Why, master Midas, for that matter,

'Tis enough to dash one,

To hear the arbitrator,

In such unseemly fashion,

One of the candidates bespatter,

With so much partial passion.

[Midas falls asleep.

Ah, happy hours, how fleeting

Ye danc'd on down away;

When my soft vows repeating,

At Daphne's feet I lay!

But from her charms when Sunder'd,

As Midas' frowns presage:

Each hour will seem an hundred;

Each day appear an age.

Mid. Silence—this just decree, all, at your peril,
Obedient hear—else I shall use you very ill.

The Decree. Pan shall remain;

Pol quit the plain.

Chorus. Oh tremendous, &c.

Mid. All bow with me to mighty Pan—en-
throne him—

No pouting—and with festal chorus crown him—

[The croud form two ranks beside the chair, and join
in the chorus, whilst Midas crowns him with bays.]

Chorus. See, triumphant sits the bard,

Crown'd with bays, his due reward;

Exil'd Pol shall wander far;

Exil'd twang his faint guitar;

While, with echoing shouts of praise,

We the bagpipe's glory raise. [ragamuffin?

Mid. 'Tis well—What keeps you here, you
Go trudge—or do you wait for a good cuffing?

Pol. Now, all attend—[Throws off his disguise,
and appears as Apollo.]—The wrath of Jove,
for rapine,

Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping.

Tremble, thou wretch—thou'lt stretch'd thy ut-
most tether;

Thou and thy tools shall go to pot together.

Dunce, I did but sham,

For Apollo I am,

God of music, and king of Parnass:

Thy scurvy decree,

For Pan against me,

I reward with the ears of an ass.

Mid. Detected, baulk'd, and small,

On our marrow bones we fall.

Myf. Be merciful.

Dam. Be pitiful.

Mid. Forgive us, mighty Sol—Alas! alas!

Apol. Thou a Billingsgate queen, [To Myf.

Thou a pandar obscene, [To Dam.

With strumpets and bailiffs shall class;

Thou, driven from man, [To Mid.

Shalt wander with Pan,

He a stinking old goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.

Be thou squire—his estate [To Sil.

To thee I translate. {To Daph.

To you his strong chests, wicked mafs: {and Nyfa.

Live happy, while I,

Recall'd to the sky,

Make all the gods laugh at Midas.

Daph. Sil. and Nyf. together with the other nymphs
and swains.

To the bright God of day,

Let us dance, sing, and play;

Clap hands every lad with his lass:

Daph. Now, critics, lie snug,

Not a hiss, groan, or shrug;

Remember the fate of Midas,

Midas;

Remember the fate of Midas.

Chorus. Now, critics, lie snug, &c. [THE END.]